

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Love's Message.

Flower than bloomed
Stands of the Arabis
Faintly as you
Or angel of God.

Creeds the secret
Message a lover
Sends from his soul
To his lady abroad.

Have you seen a
Soul who was talking
To me in the night
Of a dream?

Well, I am sure that
You have seen a soul
Who was talking
To me in the night
Of a dream.

—H. R. H. Herberich, in *Journal of Love*.

Guest of Mrs. Hotchkiss.

Mrs. Maude Starks, of Memphis, Tenn., visiting Mrs. C. D. Hotchkiss, at the country house of the latter on Ivy road, near the University of Virginia.

It is interesting to note in connection with Mrs. Starks's visit that the name of her grandfather, the late Burwell Starks of Virginia, stands number one on the list of the University of Virginia, having been the first student to enter the state institution. He attained to a ripe old age and has only been dead a few years.

Mrs. Luther Dawson and his son are spending August with Mrs. Hotchkiss. Mr. and Mrs. Elmo Hotchkiss and his wife are to-day to join the family party, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hotchkiss have been customary week-end guests throughout the summer.

Waddell-McIlwaine.

At the wedding of Miss Sara Starks McIlwaine to Mr. Harrison Waddell, which took place Thursday afternoon at the country house of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. White, on Washington street, Lexington, Va., the officiating minister was the Rev. Richard McIlwaine, D. D., of Richmond, former president of Hampton-Sidney college, and of the Virginia Synod of the Methodist Episcopal church. The bride was accompanied by Dr. H. A. White, of the church, and the bridesmaids were Miss Sara Starks, of Lexington, and Miss Sara Starks, of Lexington, and Miss Sara Starks, of Lexington.

Personal Mention.

Dr. and Mrs. H. A. White, of Richmond, Va., have returned from a visit to the University of Virginia, where they spent several weeks.

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Poems You Ought to Know

Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.—Prof. Charles Elliot Norton.

No. 917.

A TOCCATA OF GALUPPI'S

By ROBERT BROWNING.

Other selections from this author, his portrait, autograph and biographical sketch, have already been printed in this series.

O Galuppi, Baldassar! this is very sad to find;
I can hardly misconceive you: it would prove me deaf and blind;
But altho' I take your meaning, 'tis with such a heavy mind!

Here you come with your old music, and here's all the good it brings.
What, they lived once thus at Venice where the merchants were the kings,
Where St. Mark's is, where the Doges used to wed the son with rings?

Ay, because the sea's the street there; and 'tis arched by . . . what
you call . . .
Shylock's bridge with houses on it, where they kept the carnival;

I was never out of England—it's as if I saw it all.

Did young people take their pleasure when the sea was warm in May?
Balls and masks began at midnight, burning over to midday,
When they made up fresh adventures for the morrow, do you say?

Was a lady such a lady, cheeks so round and lips so red,
On her neck the small face boyant, like a bell-flower on its bed,
Over the breast's superb abundance where a man might base his head?

Well, and it was graceful of them; they'd break talk off and afford
—She, to lift her mask's black velvet—he, to finger on his sword.
While you sat and played Toccatas, stately at the clavier?

What? These lesser things so plaintive, sixths diminished, sigh on sigh,
Told them something? These suspensions, those solutions—"Must we die?"

These commiserating sevenths—"Life might last! we can but try!"
"Were you happy?"—"Yes."—"And are you still as happy?"—"Yes.
And you?"

—Then, more kissed?—"Did I stop them, when a million seemed so few?"

Hark! the dominant's persistence till it must be answered to.

So, an octave struck the answer. Oh! they praised you, I dare say.
"Bravo Galuppi! that was music! good alike at grave and gay!"
I can always leave off talking when I hear a master play!

Then they left you for their pleasure; till in due time, one by one,
Some with lives that came to nothing, some with deeds as well undone,
Death stepped tacitly and took them where they never see the sun.

But when I lay down to reason, think to take my stand nor swerve,
While I triumph over a secret wrang from nature's close reserve.
In you come with your cold music till I creep thro' every nerve.

Yes, you, like a ghostly cricket, creaking where a house was burned;
"Dust and ashes, dead and done with, Venice spent what Venice earned.
The soul, doubtless, is immortal—where a soul can be discerned."

"Yours, for instance, you know physics, something of geology,
Mathematics are your pastime; souls shall rise in their degrees;
Butterflies may dread extinction—soul'll not die, it cannot be!"

"As for Venice and her people, merely born to bloom and drop,
How on earth they bore their fruitage, birth and folly were the crop:
What of soul was left? I wonder, when the living had to stop?"

"Dust and ashes? So you creak it, and I want the heart to soild.
Dead dead women, with such hair, too—what a become of all the gold
To dust and brass and brush their bosoms? I feel chilly and grown old."

This series began in The Times-Dispatch, Oct. 11, 1904. One is a poetical sketch.

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BOOK REVIEW AND MAGAZINE NOTES

THE FIGHTING CHANCE. By Robert W. Chambers. Published by D. Appleton & Co., of New York.

The popular and expected thing in fiction just now is to write a novel and introduce into it the social problems which occupy the times and make the comedies or tragedies of the "Four Hundred" resident in New York or in Newport.

Several first-class novelists have tried their hands at this class of literature within the past year, and the reading public has grown tired of the familiar types brought forward in the usual process of plot and construction.

All of these types appear in "The Fighting Chance" by Mr. Chambers. He deals the inevitable love and hate in Mr. and Mrs. Fernald of Newport House.

The members of their household, however, supply the other materials necessary for the young lady who is engaged to the wrong man and loses his property in the hands of a villain.

There is a very attractive wife and the better kind of husband, and the villain, who supply the essential English flavor, the Duke and his sister, Marjorie.

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ness a political argument. It is a brilliant, splendid justification of our civilization and ideals, an inspiring and almost confession of faith in the standards and hopes of our race—the word of an American and a patriot.

HOW TO MAKE A FRUIT GARDEN. By S. W. Hatcher. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

In the early days of Virginia living and homeliving, the house was built, the matters claiming most of the important considerations were the flower and fruit garden, or, as the latter was then called, the orchard.

Certainly the early Virginians were right minded, not only in their building, but in their planting. Along with the family record in many a pattern-bound Bible of former days, may be found on its blank leaves the carefully noted number and variety of the pear, the peach and apple and cherry trees that had been planted on a certain date, in convenient proximity to the square Colonial mansion that spoke of spaciousness and comfort and hospitality.

Sooner or later important were the lists of smaller fruits—strawberries, gooseberries and currants—that were accorded space in the vegetable garden, where frugal education and sweet-smelling flowers and herbs of all description followed the lines of the trimly-kept borders and made the setting of the mansion beautiful.

It is time the present generation should learn how the wholesome pleasure that may be had in the raising of a fruit garden, and this book has much pleasant instruction on the subject.

Directions as to site and soil to the final chapter on dwarf, trained and forced fruit, the amateur has no difficulty in understanding all that is said, so plainly are they given and so practical. The illustrations are numerous and all serve to illuminate the subject matter which they accompany. The book is an excellent example in every way and a credit alike to author and publisher.

Magazine Gossip.

Elizabeth Shippen Green has done the color illustrations for Maurice Hewlett's story, "The Spanish Lady," which is now in Harper's Magazine for September.

The story itself is written with all the fine art that Mr. Hewlett knows so well how to exercise, and the artist on the frontispiece has caught the reflection of his glowing style for the figure of the Spanish girl, Marjorie, who is the heroine of the story.

Charles H. Hubbard is the clever artist who has done the frontispiece called "A Venetian," another interesting work, which is now in Harper's Magazine for September.

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LABOR DAY CLOTHING ON CREDIT NOW NEW DOWN

Get New Clothing for Labor Day

Celebrate the day attired in new and stylish garments—Never mind the money—this store stands ready to accept your promise to pay as a substitute for cash.

Bear in mind that we are the largest credit clothiers in the world; that we are manufacturers and that our prices are as low as any cash store and much lower than any other credit store.

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